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ARTICLE VII.

MEMORIAL OF DR. SAMUEL HARVEY TAYLOR.[1]

BY PROF. EDWARDS A. PARK.

It is told of Saladin, the champion of Islamism, that after he had retaken the Holy City, subjugated numerous fortresses in Syria, Arabia, Persia, and Mesopotamia, performed so many exploits in the Crusades as to be designated "the Great," he was seized with a disorder which threatened to wither up at once all his garlands of victory. When he saw that death was inevitable, he called his herald, who used to carry his banner before him; took his lance, which had so often been shaken in battle; tied his shroud to the top of his lance, and then said to the herald: "Go, unfurl this shroud in the camp. It is the flag of the day. Wave it in the air, and proclaim: 'This is all that remains of Saladin the Great, the conqueror, the king of the empire; all that remains of all his glory!'" But when a good man dies, we cannot say that all which remains of him is the coffin and the shroud. He has lived in his thoughts and deeds. He still lives in the remembrance of them; they are like seeds planted by the watercourses; they spring up and bear fruit, and he lives in their perennial life.

When George Whitefield died, he did not pass away from among men. He lived in those of his survivors whose character he had improved. He preached one sermon in

[1] The preceding pages of this Number of the Bibliotheca Sacra were corrected for the press by Dr. Taylor. It has been deemed fitting that the Address, which was delivered on the second of February in the Hall of his Academy, should be published in the present Number of the Periodical on which he had expended some of his last labor, and next to the Article which he had himself revised. As the author was absent from Andover on the Sabbath of Dr. Taylor's decease, January 29th, and as he could not begin to write the Address until the following Tuesday, and was obliged to deliver it on the next Thursday, he has added a few sentences which he had not time to insert in the original manuscript.

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the native town of the friend who has just left us; and one of our friend's ancestors was morally transformed by the instrumentality of that sermon. That ancestor exerted a marked influence on the mother of Dr. Taylor, and she exerted an obvious influence on him; so that there is one important sense in which George Whitefield has been living through the last three and thirty years in Phillips Academy. There is more than one important sense in which he that believeth in Christ shall never die.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, in consequence of the persecutions of the Covenanters, a company of devout Scotchmen left their homes for the north of Ireland. In the year 1719, sixteen families of these devoted pioneers came to this land, and established themselves in the old township of Londonderry, New Hampshire. During that and the following year more than four times their number joined them in the new colony. Mr. Horace Greeley, one of their descendants, says: "They were eminently men of conviction. They saw clearly, they reasoned fearlessly, and they did not hesitate to follow wherever truth led the way. I presume," he adds, "more teachers now living trace their descent to the Scotch-Irish pioneers of Londonderry than to an equal number anywhere else." [1]

[1] The hearty and life-long interest which Dr. Taylor cherished in his native town was constantly strengthened by the history of the men who descended from its first settlers. Among the teachers thus descended are Presidents McKeen of Bowdoin, and Aiken of Union College; Professors Jarvis Gregg, W. A. Packard; Joseph McKeen, Rev. James Means. Among the clergymen are Rev. David McGregor, son of the first pastor of the town (Rev. James McGregor), and ancestor of a large and distinguished family; Rev. Samuel Taggart, of Colerain, Mass.; Rev. James Miltimore, of Newburyport; Rev. Rufus Anderson, of Wenham, "who at the close of his life was preparing a historical work on Modern Missions to the Heathen," and whose son, Rev. Dr. Rufus Anderson, of Boston, is the historian of the missions under the care of the A. B. C. F. M.; Rev. Silas McKeen, of Bradford, Vermont; Rev. Dr. Morrison; Rev. James T. McCollom. Among the jurists and statesmen, are John Bell, member of the Provincial Congress; John and Samuel Bell, both Governors of New Hampshire; Judge Jeremiah Smith. Among the military men are Gen. George Reid and Gen. John Stark. Of the Londonderry immigrants and their posterity who have attained distinction in other States the number is not known; but "of those who have become eminent in New Hampshire, six have

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One of these Londonderry emigrants was Matthew Taylor. He held the title-deed of his farm from Lieutenant-Governor John Wentworth, and that farm had been previously owned by John Leverett, Governor of Massachusetts Colony. On that ancestral land, now within the township of Derry, lived and died Matthew Taylor. There were born his children and many of his children's children. There Samuel Harvey Taylor, a descendant of the fourth generation from Matthew, was born, on the third of October, 1807.[1] His father, Captain James Taylor, was a man of sterling integrity and high Christian principle. He was for a long time a deacon of the church in Derry, as his son has been for a long time a deacon of the church on this hill. He was obliged to be absent from home during a large part of Samuel Harvey's childhood and youth; and therefore, even at the age of eight years, our lamented friend was called to discharge a series of duties which are not ordinarily expected of early boyhood. At the age of fourteen years, the conduct of two extensive farms was in large measure committed to him. He superintended the workmen, he mingled in their labors, and learned thus early in life the principles of secular business, the art of government, and the details of hard work. Even then his industry and energy qualified him to exact the same traits from the men whom he employed.

been Governors of the State; nine have been Members of Congress; five, Judges of the Supreme Court; two, Members of the Provincial Congress; and one of these was a signer of the Declaration of Independence." — Rev. E. L. Parker, History of Londonderry.

[1] The original settlers of Londonderry, New Hampshire, emigrated from the city or the neighborhood of Londonderry in Ireland. When that city was besieged, in 1688, by the troops of Lord Antrim, defending the cause of James against William, Prince of Orange, and when some of these troops approached the city gate, and demanded that it be opened, thirteen young men, fearing that the mayor and some of the citizens would be treasonable, "rushed to the main guard, seized the keys, after a slight opposition, drew up the bridge, and locked the gate, just as the soldiers were about to enter" (Rev. E. L. Parker's History of Londonderry, pp. 10, 11) One of these young men was named Samuel Harvey. This fact suggested the Christian name of Dr. Taylor, one of whose maternal ancestors had the maiden name of Harvey, and perhaps belonged to the family of the resolute young hero of Londonderry.

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His example justified his tones of command, and his tones were singularly effectual.

He who understands one thing knows many others; and by learning the processes of agriculture and the methods of dealing with business men, our friend prepared himself for the large variety of miscellaneous affairs which he was called to manage in various departments of life. Until the age of eighteen he intended and expected to cultivate his ancestral acres. He had been accustomed to rise often at three o'clock in the morning, and to labor with unremitted diligence through the day, and had gained a hardihood of constitution which promised a long life of manual toil. It did give him a life singularly free from physical pain. But in consequence of being thrown from a wagon, he lost in some degree his power of physical endurance, and he decided to pursue a literary life. In his mature age, whenever he passed the scene of this accident, he was accustomed to say: "Here I began my education." That one fall from a wagon has resulted in his affecting the character of six thousand pupils.

From his early childhood he had manifested a passion for books, and it was now with intense delight that he began to prepare himself for college. He entered Pinkerton Academy in his native town, and studied with his characteristic vehemence. Being unwilling to lose the time which that Academy devoted to a vacation, he spent one vacation, at least, in Atkinson Academy, and rejoined the school of his native town at the commencement of the new term. Thus at the beginning, as through the progress, of his literary life he kept himself under discipline. He prepared himself to enter the sophomore class of Dartmouth College, after only two years of academic study. The winter vacations of his college life he spent in teaching district schools. Still, he was graduated with honor in the class of eighteen hundred and thirty-two.[1]

[1] Rev. Dr. Noyes, professor in Dartmouth College, where he was a classmate of Mr. Taylor in 1829–32, has made valuable suggestions to the writer in

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While at Hanover, he began his distinctively religious life. When he entered the college he intended to be a physician; when he left it, he intended to be a minister of the gospel. He came at once to Andover, and entered the Theological Seminary in the autumn of eighteen hundred and thirty-two. Professor Stuart and Dr. Edward Robinson often expressed their admiration of his zeal and accuracy in his Hebrew and Greek studies. Dr. Woods was pleased with his patient thought and conservative tendencies; for throughout his life Dr. Taylor cherished the principles and habits of conservatism. As a theological student he was animated with a missionary spirit, and he earnestly deliberated on the question of devoting his life to the foreign service.

He had acquired such a reputation as a scholar and a teacher, that Mr. Osgood Johnson, then the accomplished Principal of Phillips Academy and a man of the rarest gifts and graces, was importunate in his solicitations that Mr. Taylor would become an assistant in the school. In eighteen hundred and thirty-four our friend yielded to the request of Mr. Johnson. He was so eminently successful in his work that, after he had spent more than a year in it, he was invited to take the permanent office of Assistant Principal in the Academy. He declined the invitation. His pupils met in a field or in a grove, and passed a unanimous vote urging the Trustees to renew their invitation, and urging him to accept it; but he insisted on declining it, and he soon entered on a tutorship at Dartmouth College. He remained in this office through the collegiate year of 1836 and 1837. He had been "approbated" to preach the gospel, and, while laboring at the college during the week, he was accustomed to labor in some pulpit on the Sabbath. He was then an acceptable preacher, and was

regard to the worth of his associate, and says: "The friends of his early years who survive him will cherish his memory with the warmest affection. His name will long be associated with this college as one of the most useful and honored of her sons."

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urged to take the pastorate of an important church in New Hampshire. His tutorship also was eminently successful. Once he invited members of his class to meet him for the purpose of engaging in a voluntary study of the Greek preposition. He did not expect that more than ten or twelve would let their zeal for the Classics carry them beyond the requisitions of college law. He was surprised to find that nearly the whole class accepted his invitation; and after preparing himself for his regular exercises, he spent four hours every day in preparing himself for this voluntary exercise, which was made interesting to his pupils by his enthusiasm in it. Amid all these miscellaneous duties of his tutorship at Hanover he still prosecuted his theological studies; spent his winter vacation at Andover as a member of the Senior Class in the Seminary; received the regular diploma in the autumn of 1837, and in the same autumn, having previously declined an invitation to teach in a New England city, he commenced his duties as the Principal of Phillips Academy.

The first Principal of this Academy was Dr. Eliphalet Pearson; the fourth Principal was Dr. John Adams; both of them were highly distinguished men, and both strict disciplinarians. They introduced a rigid government as a characteristic of the school; and when the Trustees appointed Mr. Taylor as Principal, they intended and expected that he would be faithful to the traditions of the office. He was constitutionally fitted for a disciplinarian. He had an instinct of government. This had been strengthened in his boyhood. All men are not qualified for the same method of action. Every man must pursue that method for which God has adapted him. "Let the earth bring forth the herb yielding seed *after his kind*, and the tree yielding fruit *after his kind*," was the original law of nature. The oak was not to bear roses, and the eglantine was not to send forth the gnarled branches of the oak. Professor Patterson, now a senator at Washington, one of the descendants of the Londonderry colonists, says: "Profound convictions, an inflexi-

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ble will and strong sensibilities, are the natural inheritance of our people." Dr. Taylor shared largely in this inheritance. He had a stern conscience, a keen sense of duty, a deep regard for obligation. It was his firm belief that men in the learned professions would accomplish more than they now do, if they were more regular in their habits of study, if they had their fixed hours for intellectual toil; he, therefore, deemed it his duty to insist on strict regularity in his school. The future usefulness of his pupils required it. He believed that one of the dangers to which this democratic land lies exposed, is a disrespect for law; he therefore believed that he was performing an act of kindness to his pupils when he was accustoming them to obey. He believed that if they would yield their wills to the authority of a school, they would more easily yield their individual interests to the civil government, and would be more apt to prostrate themselves before the Infinite Ruler and Sovereign. He believed that indolence is not only a besetting sin of men, but the parent of a numerous progeny of other sins; he regarded himself, therefore, as performing an act of kindness for his scholars, whenever he broke up their habits of idleness. He loved labor; he had inured himself to it; he required of others no harder tasks than he had performed himself. He was apt to wonder that any of his pupils did not love what he loved, and was consequently more willing to require by law those duties which, when habitual, would be a source of delight. Being himself enamored of study, he was surprised when any of his pupils had not a similar passion for science and literature; he was thus the more willing to raise the strong arm of authority, and to exact those habits of thought and reading which form the dignity of manhood and the solace of old age. He was conscientious in the belief that classical learning is important for the welfare of our republic; that our statesmen should be imbued with a love for the great writers of antiquity; that our popular literature should be permeated with the elegance and the grace which come from intimate communion with

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the sages and the poets of Greece and Rome. He therefore believed that he was discharging the duties of a good citizen and a patriot, when he was holding up a high standard of classical learning, and urging young men up to that standard, himself leading the way in the laborious ascent, and demanding that his pupils follow him. These were the principles on which he began, and continued, and ended his course as the Head Master of Phillips Academy.

It need not, as it cannot, be said that he was immaculate in following out these principles. With all his dignity and authority he was a modest man ;[1] he did not claim to be perfect; he only cherished the humble but assured trust that the main principles of his government were in accordance with the spirit of good citizenship, sound learning, and rational piety. His self-distrust was not always understood. It has been noticed that a man of moral courage sometimes assumes an authoritative manner in order to resist or conceal his constitutional diffidence. Dr. Taylor has been known to speak a word of command with great reluctance, and to speak it in a tone more mandatory than he would have employed if he had not desired to overcome his native bashfulness.

It need not, as it cannot, be said that he had all the qualifications of an eminent teacher. He counted not himself to have apprehended, but until the last day of his life he pressed forward that he might attain the completeness for the want of which he sighed. It is enough to say that he had some remarkable qualifications for a good instructor. Let us meditate on a few of them.

He united accuracy in the details of classical literature with an enthusiasm in its general spirit. Accuracy is essential to the success of a teacher, but does not ensure it. Our friend was correct in the minutiae of the Latin and Greek languages. In his view no error was trivial. With scrupu-

[1] "I have great reason to condemn myself that I have done so little to secure the great end for which I was created." This is a specimen of the self-depreciating remarks with which his private letters abound.

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lous care he exposed the slightest mistake of a pupil. He was not, however, so engrossed in looking at the trees that he failed to see the grove.

He did find a pleasure in interpreting the Greek particles. When he first studied the Greek accents he was transported with delight, as if he had been reading a romance; but he also looked beyond the points and the declensions and the various readings. It was the thought, the principle, the theory, of the great authors; it was the living sentiment, as well as the "winged words," of Homer; it was the strong sense, as well as the compressed diction, of Sallust, that aroused him. He was interested in the historical genius of Xenophon; he caught the poetic fire of Homer; his memory was replete with sound and terse apothegms from Livy and Tacitus; he quoted them with fervor on fit occasions; and he was at home amid the mountains and the groves and the streams of Greece and Italy. He was not wild in his classical enthusiasm, for he had too much of scholarly accuracy to be wild. He was not coldly correct in his interpretations, for he had too much enthusiasm to be critically dull.

He also combined, in an uncommon degree, a quickness of perception with a solidity of judgment. His rapidity of thought may have been the result of his hard work, and his familiarity with his lessons, but it surprised his pupils. The celerity with which he detected an error, analyzed a sentence, compared different constructions, appeared magical. Men of this rapid thought are apt to err. They make more mistakes than other men, because they form more opinions than others. But while our friend was rapid, he was also cautious. Perhaps he was as much distinguished for prudence as for quickness. Naturally self-distrustful, he did not choose to express an opinion until he had carefully examined it. Hence his judgment was trusted by his pupils. It was law.

He united a singular devotion to classical literature with a general interest in scholarly pursuits and the affairs of life.

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By no means was he a mere student of the Latin and Greek languages. He was not ill acquainted with Theology. He was not ill versed in the History of Doctrine. He was not a stranger to the theories of Political Economy and International Law. He had formed his opinions on English, French, and German History. He had read with great care the poems of Dante, the writings of Burke, the best works on art. He was not a poor critic of sculpture or painting or music; of all which he was a loving student. He knew well the history of his native land. He was familiar with the local annals of his native State. He understood the policy of his adopted commonwealth. He had a fresh interest in the affairs of this town. He knew well the dangers, such as have been experienced in Göttingen, Halle, Jena, of a collision between the pupils of a large school and the surrounding community. During the last thirty-three years he has devoted much of his practical wisdom to the preventing of these collisions, to the interweaving of the sympathies of the school with the sympathies of the town, to the convincing of the people that Phillips Academy was one means of giving to Andover that "good name which is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Indeed, the multifariousness of his talents for mingling with different classes in the community was one of his prominent distinctions. While there are some who associate his name with strict government, others associate it with generous friendship and good cheer. During the last quarter of a century there has not been in his native town a festival or celebration which would not have seemed incomplete if he had not presided over it, or been a prominent actor in it. The school-children of that beautiful town were glad when they saw him, for he was a tender friend to them. I have been with him when he was appraising an estate, and he seemed to be in a wonted employment. I have been with him when he was conversing with a widow who had but a handful of meal in a barrel and a little oil in a cruse, and he conversed as if his business had been to relieve the timid.

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I have been with him when he was conversing with the President of the United States, and he appeared well fitted to be a counsellor of the Magistrate. The foreman and the journeymen of the printing-office looked up to him as a good adviser; and the conductors on the railroads sat down with him as their friend. During the last thirty years there has been on this hill scarcely a single funeral which he has not superintended. This many-sided interest in the concerns of life gave to a large community a firm confidence in him. This public confidence was communicated to his pupils. They caught the spirit of the community. The vast majority of them believed in him.

Dr. Taylor combined a clear perception of truth with a personal and growing interest in it. He who would instruct others must himself understand what he would impart; must not only know the truth, but know that he knows it; must not only be confident, but progressive. He who ceases to learn, ceases to teach. Every day Dr. Taylor studied the lesson on which he criticised his pupils. He read the new commentaries, German and English; and when he came before his class, he was not only familiar with their lesson, but some of his ideas on it were new and fresh to himself. It was obvious that he loved the Greek verb; that he felt a personal interest in the Greek syntax. An offence against the laws of the Latin language seemed to be a personal injury to himself; and, on the other hand, he was wont to speak, as if he felt a personal gratitude to some of his pupils for their neat or exact renderings of the Classics.

The scene in his recitation-room reminded one of a torrent rushing onward to the sea; one wave not waiting for another, but every wave hastening forward as if instinct with life. Every mind was on the alert. Those who were naturally quick, learned to be accurate before him; those who were naturally slow, spurred themselves onward before him. He not only had a knowledge of his theme and an interest in it, but a knowledge of his pupils and an interest in them. He well understood the nature of young men;

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he divined their thoughts; his insight of their character appeared at times mysterious; he knew how to incite and embolden them. He derived a fresh esteem for them from the very fact that they could be incited to study, and emboldened to press through obstacles.[1]

Dr. Taylor combined in a peculiar degree the factitious, with the natural qualifications for a teacher. His stalwart person, sonorous voice, strong emphasis, gave him one kind of power. His name had become a symbol of trustworthiness; and as success is the means of succeeding, his reputation gave him another kind of power, a kind which it will require years for another man to gain. His example of punctuality, energy, and enterprise (his study-lamp regularly burning at six o'clock of a winter's morning, and nine o'clock of an evening) gave a distinct force to his admonitions. To all these requisites he added a passion for training the youthful mind. He was an educator by nature. He was in his element, when his pupils were before him and his words were summoning them to exertion with a kind of talismanic force. He had chosen the right profession for himself, — here was his wisdom; he was exerting his powers in the way for which they were signally adapted, — here was his faithfulness to himself and to his Maker. His love of teaching young men proved that he was called of God to the office, and his conscientious diligence in his work proved that he heard and obeyed the Master's voice.

I do not overlook the fact that for nearly a hundred years objections have been urged against the rigor of discipline maintained in Phillips Academy. In adhering to the traditions of the school, it was to be expected that Dr. Taylor would sometimes err in supposing that other young men could do with hard toil what he had done so resolutely. But while critics repeat some of his reproving words, they are apt to forget that he was a very model of patience in

[1] Here the author was intending to read a letter which he had requested one of Dr. Taylor's pupils to write; but he could not read it, because it was given him at too late an hour. It is inserted in the Appendix, Note B. p. 390.

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helping dull scholars, if they were industrious; a very model of perseverance in explaining the text and repeating his explanations until he made it clear to obtuse minds, if they meant well. He had a reverence for good intentions. He loved the sterling virtues of his pupils. He prized their moral excellence more than their mental acumen. Hundreds of these pupils confess that he started them in their career of usefulness, breathed courage into them if they were timorous; and when he refused to do their work for them, he gave them a richer benefit in stimulating them to do their own work for themselves. He valued his pupils not so much for what they knew, as for what they could and would learn. He did not love to crowd their memory with thoughts, so much as to enable them to think. He was careful not to overload their minds, and equally careful to develop them. His aim was not to give them knowledge, but to qualify them for getting it.

He ascertained in some unaccountable way the circumstances of his pupils. He knew their fears and their sufferings. He interested himself in behalf of the poor and the sick; he provided reliefs for them; he dispensed charities with singular prudence. He did not let his pupils know when these charities came from himself; he did not tell his left hand what his right hand did; he waited patiently for the sentence: "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me." Of his six thousand pupils it cannot be expected that all would love him. He had a positive character. He was a positive character. He spoke positive words. He did positive deeds. It must needs be that such a man will give offence to some; but I have met men at the Falls of St. Anthony, and on the Alleghany Mountains, on a Mediterranean steamboat, on the plains of Africa, at Constantinople and Athens; men who were strangers to me, but who gave me a hearty welcome, because I lived in the house next to that of their former instructor. They inquired for his welfare, showed a pride in having been his pupils, and

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expressed the joy that they should feel if the minds of their children could be moulded by his strong hand. He can well afford to let us admit that he was not a perfect man. He can well afford to be judged by the main current of his influence rather than by a few insulated acts. The great argument in favor of him as an instructor is the general history of his school. When he became its Principal, it was far less prominent than now, although fewer schools were then in existence. It had far less influence than now upon the colleges and universities of the land, and was far less conspicuous in the history of our national literature. Often there had not been more than a hundred men in the Academy during a single year; under his care, the number has been sometimes nearly three hundred. Before he came, the Senior Class, to whom the Principal mainly devoted himself, consisted on an average of about twenty members; but since he came the Class has consisted of thirty-five, forty, forty-three, forty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty-four, and seventy-three members. The Senior Class has been the great magnet of the Institution, attracting young men to it from the plantations of Georgia, the cotton-fields of Louisiana, the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi, the Canadian Provinces. Since he has instructed it, not less than fourteen hundred and seventeen young men have belonged to it. Of the men who finished their studies in his especial class those who knew him best loved him most; the reverence of many has deepened as their age has mellowed; and not a few, grateful for the discipline which they once condemned, have been glad to honor him by owning: "He has done more than any other man to form our character and shape our life." Pupils entered his school as boys and left it as men; he was the first instructor who gave them an inspiration for their work; and, such is the grateful habit of scholars, the earliest benefactor of their minds is the last to be forgotten. Many young men who have applied for admission to this school have been refused; many who have obtained admission have been sent away; there have been no factitious

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means of swelling the number of the students; no artifices have been resorted to; and the history of the Institution has verified one of Dr. Taylor's maxims, that the success of a seminary of learning depends not so much on the place of it, as on the worth of it; its permanent growth depends not on the fopperies of its scholarship, but on the hard work performed, on the exact discipline maintained, on the living enthusiasm enkindled in it. His great arguments for Phillips Academy have been, the stillness observed in its study hours by day, the livelong quiet of the night, the punctual attention of the young men to the Academy bell, their devotion to their books, their living interest in the great truths of Christianity.

While Dr. Taylor appeared to be thus absorbed in the Academy, he found time for other avocations. He was for thirty-three years a member of the Board of Trustees of Andover Theological Seminary, and the Clerk of the Board. For many years he was also the Librarian of the Seminary; a member of the Examining Committee of Harvard College; a member of the Oriental Society; a member and President of the Board of Trustees of Pinkerton Academy, and also of the Adams Female Seminary in Derry, N. H. He took a personal interest in the welfare of these two schools; a deep interest in our colleges whose curriculum of study he was habitually striving to enlarge. He attended the meetings of Associations of Teachers, and contributed to them interesting papers relating to mental culture, some of which have been extensively read.

Besides his various Essays which have appeared in the periodicals devoted to education, he was engaged in the publishing of several important volumes. In 1843 he gave to the public a "Guide for Writing Latin," translated from the German of John Phillip Krebs. In connection with Professor B. B. Edwards of Andover he published in 1844 a "Grammar of the Greek Language," for the use of High Schools, and Colleges, translated from the German of Dr. Raphael Kühner. In 1846 he published an "Elementary

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Greek Grammar," compiled from a work of Dr. Kühner. Of this Grammar twenty editions have been printed, and he was preparing an entirely new edition of it at the time of his death. The German author of these Grammars has frequently expressed his admiration of the manner in which they have been translated into English. Partly in consequence of the skill developed in them Dr. Taylor was honored in 1854 by the corporation of Brown University, then under the Presidency of Francis Wayland, with the degree of Doctor of Laws.

In 1851 he assisted in editing the History of Londonderry, and prefaced it with a Memoir, in fifty-five pages, of Rev. Edward L. Parker, the "model pastor" who had written the history. Dr. Taylor's Memoir gives many indications of the good influence which had been exerted on his mind by his early reverence for ministers of the gospel, as well as by the correlative fact that the minister who had shaped his boyhood was worthy of that reverence.[1] In 1861 he published a volume which illustrates his own method of teaching, and is entitled "Method of Classical Study; illustrated by Questions on a few Selections from Latin and Greek Authors." In 1865 he published the "Memorial" of his brother-in-law Joseph P. Fairbanks, a liberal benefactor of the literary institutions and the clergy of Vermont. In 1870 appeared his last finished volume, entitled, "Classical Study; its Value illustrated by Extracts from the Writings of Eminent Scholars," with an Introduction by himself.

From the year 1852 to the time of his death he was an editor of the Bibliotheca Sacra. He corrected the proof-

[1] Among the many suggestions in this Memoir is the following: "A failure at an examination is always humbling; but it is doubly so when made in the presence of one whom we know to feel a lively interest in our improvement. The writer has not yet forgotten his own mortified feelings at failing to perform an exercise in the presence of his pastor, nor the resolution he then formed not to be found deficient on a similar occasion. How many youthful minds have been thus quickened to nobler exertions cannot be told; but without doubt not a few owe their first zealous impulse to study to the manifest interest and the counsels of their pastor at these school visitations" (p. 34).

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sheets of eighteen volumes of this Quarterly, and wrote several anonymous Articles for it. If the labor which he spent upon it had been devoted to a lucrative employment, it would have yielded him a large income; but his labor was chiefly a labor of love. He was frugal yet generous in the use of money; he had offers of large salaries, if he would resort to other fields of labor, but his desire was to be useful rather than to be rich. As he was not avaricious, neither was he ambitious; at least he was not ambitious for himself, although he may have been for his school and for classical learning. He was the recipient of various honors, but he cast all his laurels down at the foot of the Academy which he loved, and of the cross which he loved still more.

The zeal with which he prepared himself for the exercises of his school-room is well illustrated in a brief narrative of the foreign tour which he took in 1856. On the 7th of March, he left New York for Havre; spent two days in Paris; one day at Marseilles; one at Malta, where he examined with intense interest, the scenes of the shipwreck of the apostle Paul; two days at Alexandria, where he studied the History of the Greek and Roman conquerors, and of the church Fathers who there immortalized their names; several days at Cairo, whence he made expeditions to Heliopolis, where Solon, Plato, and perhaps Moses once resided, and where stands the obelisk which the patriarch Joseph and his father Jacob had probably looked upon; and to the supposed site of Memphis, where many notable events of Egyptian history occurred, and whence arose several legends of the Greek mythology. He literally revelled among these scenes. It is characteristic of him that exactly one month after the day of his leaving New York he was on the top of the pyramid of Ghizeh. He then hastened to the ancient Joppa, and soon took up his abode for several days in Jerusalem, the city of his love. He wandered all alone, absorbed in religious meditation, on the Mount of Olives. He examined with great minuteness the topography of the city, and qualified himself to give several lectures on the

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streets, the hills, the buildings, both of ancient and modern Jerusalem. Some of these lectures he has since delivered, gratuitously as was his wont, to schools and churches other than his own. He spent about five weeks in Palestine, studying the geography and the history of its old cities, exploring as far as he could the Dead Sea, the Jordan, the Sea of Galilee; and gathering a rich harvest of biblical learning and Christian sentiment from the places which have been consecrated by the feet of prophets and apostles and by the great Teacher of the world. From Palestine he hastened to catch a sight of the plains of Troy, the old camp ground of Xenophon, the places where the Persian or Grecian armies crossed the Hellespont or the Bosphorus; and then leaving the Golden Horn he took up his residence in Athens. Here he obtained accurate and vivid ideas of the ancient Parthenon and the Erectheum, of the Pnyx and the Bema, the quarries of Hymettus, the shore of Phalerum. He delighted most of all in walking over the Areopagus, and surveying the scenes which Paul must have had in view standing and speaking on that rock. He strove to identify the Academy of Plato and the Lyceum of Aristotle. Amid all these objects of classical interest, he was accumulating stores of learning for his pupils. On the ninth day of June last, I was wandering by moonlight amid the ruins of the Acropolis, and was accompanied by a native Greek, who had been educated at an American College, and who explained to me the manner in which the marble pillars of the Parthenon were constructed. I had never read an account of the architectural principles developed in those pillars, and of the manner in which those huge marble blocks had been so beautifully arranged one over another. I expressed my admiration of those principles and of the ingenuity with which they had been detected. My companion told me that he had not gained that knowledge from books, but that he happened one day to attend a Lecture in Phillips Academy, and he heard these principles described by Dr. Taylor, and that I had come all the way to Athens to learn what I might have been told by my nearest neighbor at home.

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From this beautiful city Dr. Taylor made excursions to Marathon and Eleusis, and to various scenes made immortal by the genius of Demosthenes. He regaled his eyes and his mind by the sight of Corinth and Mount Olympus; the islands of the Aegean Sea which he described in a learned and stirring letter to his pupils. He then hastened to the ancient Brundusium, where the poet Virgil died; examined the structure of the Roman temples, theatres, and palaces at Herculaneum and Pompeii; studied the Museum of Antiquities at Naples; made excursions to Paestum, where he admired the temple of Neptune and wondered at the mystery of its origin; to Baiae and Puteoli; to the scenes rendered interesting by the muse of Virgil, his favorite Latin poet, and by the residence and death of Cicero, his favorite orator. He then repaired to Rome, where he dwelt in his own hired house; studied the antiquities of the city from early morning to the setting of the sun; spent his evenings, as he had spent them during his whole tour, in making exact records of his daily observations. He wandered to the beautiful site of Tusculum and the charming scenes of Tivoli; and, after devoting four weeks to a minute investigation of the Roman antiquities, he repaired to Florence; consecrated his days there to the examination of the old museums; rose at three o'clock on one morning and climbed the hill of Fiesoli, immortalized by Galileo and Milton, by Lorenzo the Magnificent, but especially by the old Pelasgic walls, which stood firm before the foundations of the city of Rome had been laid. He then resorted to the Swiss mountains, where he was as faithful in examining the wonders of nature as he had been in examining the wonders of art. It seemed as if he would shout for joy as he looked up to Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau. Sometimes, in view of these scenes, he could not be persuaded to remain on his horse; he insisted on walking with his head uncovered, feeling a close contact with the ground, making himself one with the landscape that charmed him. The sunrise and the sunset he watched from the peaks of Switzerland with faithful

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interest; and more than once he has described them, as if he had been a poet, to his pupils.

He next visited the old German universities; the great schools of England and Scotland — such as Eton, Cambridge, Oxford, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, — where he formed many acquaintances with men whom he valued and who valued him. He was welcomed with distinguishing kindness by Mr. George Peabody, who afterwards became a generous benefactor of Phillips Academy; and also by the family of the late Dr. Arnold at Fox How. On one day he walked through the streets of Edinburgh early in the morning, left the city at eight o'clock, carefully examined Stirling Castle; took a boat at the foot of Loch Lomond, sailed to the landing-place opposite Ben Lomond; left the boat, and spent two hours in walking up the mountain; descended to the landing-place, took another boat to the head of the lake; and then wrote a description of the scenes he had witnessed, — the battle-fields of Robert Bruce, the dwelling-place and burial-place of the McGregors (the clan in which he retained through life the interest of his boyhood), the cave, prison, and grave of Rob Roy, the Grampian Hills, and other spots famous in history or romance. This is the record of a single day; this illustrates the spirit of his entire journey; and at length, having wearied out all his fellow-travellers, having gathered books and maps [1] and pictures and statuettes, and relics of Europe, Africa, and Asia, having been absent from his Academy only six months, and having accomplished what the majority of scholars would not have done in twelve months, he reached his home fresh and vigorous for his work, better prepared than ever to instruct his pupils, to quicken their interest in all truth, and especially to give those biblical lessons for one of which he sacrificed his life.

When we saw Dr. Taylor verifying the thousands of ref-

[1] After his return from his tour, he formed the plan, novel and elaborate, of four large wall maps of Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, and a part of Southern Italy. The maps have been beautifully prepared according to his original plan, and used by him in lecturing to literary institutions.

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erences in his Greek Grammars we could not easily imagine him as capable of being transported with the emotions of taste. But he was so. During a storm at sea he pleaded, and he was the only passenger allowed, to remain on deck, where he stood at the peril of his life, admiring the grandeur of the ocean. Many of his relatives were soldiers, some of them in the Revolutionary war; and he had a touch of the military spirit. This was seen when he superintended an exercise of the fire-engine company which was composed of his pupils; as he spoke to them he had a kind of talismanic power over them; they moved at his word as if it had been an electric shock. At such times it was not easy to form a picture of him as mourning over his faults. But his friends knew him to be an humble imitator of the Man who was meek and lowly. When he heard the bells of Notre Dame he said: "This compensates me for crossing the ocean." When he looked at Cleopatra's Needle, and other relics at Alexandria, he said: "These repay me for all that I have expended in my tour." But there was no scene in all his foreign travel which delighted him so much as those scenes in which he held spiritual communion with the missionaries of the cross at the hour of worship. He sat down at the sacramental table in Cairo; only a few persons were present, and they were from seven different nations; he felt a union of spirit with the seven great churches of the world; while he was thus keeping the Christian passover he seemed to feel a oneness with the saints who instituted the Jewish Passover not far from that very spot. He was more overpowered by that religious memorial than by any of the human monuments which interested him. His piety was not of that kind which often effervesces into rhapsody, but it was sound and deep. It was remarkable for its freedom from pretense and parade. It was characterized not so much by a fervor of utterance as by a readiness to deny himself for the sake of duty. Few men have had so strong a desire as he for social intercourse, and still have indulged that desire so little when their duty called them to work in solitude. From the very first of his

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public life the choice of doing what he ought to do was the principle of his conduct. While a member of the Theological Seminary, thirty-four years ago, he wrote: "If I have learned any one thing by experience, it is that the path of duty is the only way to secure true happiness. It may look dark and dangerous at first, but its end will surely be bright and cheering. It terminates in peace and joy. Oh, I desire more and more to know and do the simple will of my Heavenly Father." As at the first so to the very last of his public life the same resolute choice of doing what he ought to do, moved him onward. "My duty is to my scholars," were among the few words which he uttered just before he stepped out of his house for the last time; he was reminded of his duty to himself, to his health, but as he was wont to sacrifice himself for his pupils, he repeated the words: "My first duty lies with the school."

It is not given unto man to choose the opportunity of his departure from life. In the Litany of the English Church there is offered the prayer for deliverance from sudden death. In one of the London churches the supplication is offered for rescue from sudden death for which the dying is unprepared. We have read of military chieftains, who, before expiring in their quiet homes, expressed a wish that they might have died on the field of battle, with their swords in their hands, and their soldiers standing around them. On the last Saturday of the life of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, he discharged his duties as usual, and although slightly ill felt no indications of any alarming result. But early on Sabbath morning his illness returned, and it was announced to his bewildered pupils "that Dr. Arnold was dead." Five days ago, on the last Saturday morning, Dr. Taylor appeared in his usual health, exhibited his wonted vigor in the exercises of his school, visited Boston and Cambridge in the afternoon, and, although he felt for a time a slight indisposition, he returned to his home with more than usual buoyancy of spirit. He rose on Sabbath morning, prepared himself for his large Bible-class, but complained, as Dr.

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Arnold had done, of a stricture across his chest. He was importuned to omit the biblical exercise, and to remain at home; but for a biblical exercise like this he had been disciplining his mind and his heart by long-continued toil; this was his most important study; this was his chief joy; and we have seen that to leave a duty unperformed was not his nature. He went forth like a hero, carrying his New Testament through the deep and rapidly-falling snow to this building, which had been erected under his care and according to his plan. He loved the very edifice itself. His pupils were assembling to receive his Christian instruction; the bell was yet tolling; he stopped in the vestibule of his academy; his countenance was changed; he fell; he said not a word; he neither sighed nor groaned; but ascended from the circle of his astonished and loving and weeping pupils to mingle with the angels of God. Bearing the sacred volume he had passed through the storm, and then the door of his school-room proved to be "the gate of heaven" — "and he was not, for God took him."[1]

He had been a man of deeds rather than a man of words. He never loved to expose his religious feelings to the public gaze; but he had a cautious though firm hope of his acceptance with his Redeemer; and that hope, we feel assured is now swallowed up in vision. It would have been a pain to him if his imperial memory had faded gradually away; if his massive judgment had slowly degenerated into that of a second childhood; if his resolute will had become sickly and feeble. He would have chosen to die with all his armor on, when his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated; when his life was well rounded and complete, and when he could leave to his pupils the example of a man strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. He would have chosen to begin his Sabbath in his favorite Academy, there to be surrounded with the scholars whom he loved, and to end that same Sabbath in the company of the great teachers of the church, the sainted scholars of ancient and modern times

[1] See Appendix, Note A. p. 389.

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his venerated and pious ancestors, and above all in the company of the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.

APPENDIX.

Note A.

After describing the death of Dr. Arnold, Dean Stanley says: "What that Sunday was in Rugby it is hard fully to represent — the incredulity; the bewilderment; the agitating inquiries for every detail; the blank more awful than sorrow, that prevailed through the vacant services of that long and dreary day..... It was naturally impossible for those who were present [at his death] to adjust their recollections of what passed with precise exactness of time or place." So was it after the death of Dr. Taylor. The air was full of rumors, and no one could obtain certain information in regard to the particular incidents of the scene. Some of the closing sentences of the funeral address have been modified in order to make them a more accurate narrative of the events as they occurred.

It was about twenty minutes after nine o'clock on the stormy morning of the twenty-ninth of January, 1871, that Dr. Taylor died on the floor of the first story, near the chapel, of Phillips Academy. In less than two minutes after he fell more than a hundred of his pupils were gathered around him; fully two hundred were soon assembled, and in about ten minutes after his fall he died in the arms of his son. His funeral was solemnized at two o'clock on the afternoon of the second of February in the large hall of the Academy. He had reached the age of sixty-three years, three months, twenty-six days. At the biblical exercise on the Sabbath morning of his death he was intending to explain parts of the first and second chapters of the Book of Acts. On the previous Saturday noon he conducted the devotional exercises of his school for the last time; reading the hymn: "Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;" the last stanzas which he ever perused. At the morning devotions in the chapel he read the fourteenth chapter of Mark's Gospel

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from the forty-sixth verse to the end, and commented on verses sixty-six to seventy-two as compared with verses twenty-seven to thirty-two. This was his last comment on the Bible.

Physicians differ and doubt in regard to the cause of his sudden decease; but suppose it to have been apoplexy, or a disease of the heart; perhaps a rheumatic affection attacking that organ. It is probable that he had anticipated a sudden death; but he did not expect that it would occur so soon. He had formed such plans of study and authorship as would have given him two years of arduous work. In view of his probable expectation of a sudden exit from life, we may detect the hidden emphasis of the words which he wrote in regard to the death of his father-in-law, Rev.. Edward L. Parker of Derry, N. H.

While returning from an evening service on the Sabbath-day (July 14th, 1850) this 'model pastor' was seen by one of his parishioners 'in the act of falling forward'; the parishioner "immediately caught the pastor in his arms, when he expired without a struggle, not breathing more than once afterwards. Thus ended the days of this faithful minister of the gospel. It was a fitting time to die — in the midst of his labors — on the Sabbath, after its duties were all performed, and at the going down of the sun. Appropriately did one of his parishioners remark: 'He served his Master faithfully all day, and went home to rest at night.' It would have been gratifying to his friends could they have stood beside him as he breathed out his life, and received from him his last messages and parting blessing. But 'what God appoints is best.' They know how he had lived, and they know what would have been his message to them and to the people of his charge, could he have spoken to them as he was entering another world." (Memoir, p. 48).

NOTE B. *Reminiscences of a Pupil of Dr. Taylor.*

"Dr. Taylor's manner towards us was dignified; an air of authority was around him, and we all felt that there was a strong hand over us. To come under his influence was to

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move into a new system of gravitation; every one, even the dullest, felt that now he was expected to *accomplish something*. He increased his authority by maintaining a reserve towards us, which indeed he seldom relaxed until we had left his care as pupils and met him as friends, when his manner became in the highest degree frank and cordial.

I vividly recall the old school days of fifteen years ago; the exercises were then held in the Stone Academy, which has since been burned to the ground. At half-past eight o'clock we assembled for morning prayers. The moment that Dr. Taylor appeared at the door we all rose, and remained standing while he ascended to the desk and uttered the invocation. A chapter of the New Testament was then read aloud by the scholars, each one reading in turn; and then the Doctor, while sitting in his chair, frequently gave us a clear and pungent exposition of some text in the morning lesson which was adapted to our religious needs. I can almost hear at this moment his heavy and sonorous voice as he uttered some great truths of revelation and said: "Notice these points, young men; weigh them well." After offering the morning prayer, he often arose and made us an address, sometimes managing in a masterly manner a case of discipline in the school, sometimes urging us to greater diligence in study, warning the thoughtless of the advantages which they were neglecting, and painting so vividly the regrets which in future years awaited the idle, that we all felt them at the very moment. Occasionally he threw the whole weight of his character against some foolish opinion which was taking possession of our minds, and in a few moments chased it away, as a fog is scattered by a sharp wind. We listened to these remarks as though our destiny depended upon them; at times they were stirring and powerful, always racy, occasionally tinged with humor. The Scotch-Irish of Londonderry were noted for their wit, a gift of which Dr. Taylor had a share, not indeed large, but large enough to smooth at times the rigor of his discipline. During the delivery of his most vehement passages, however, he kept his

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eyes fixed, not upon us but on his desk; a remnant of an early diffidence, which never entirely left him. I imagine that he was originally bashful in his temperament, until experience and success rendered him bold.

At the close of the devotional exercises, those of us who belonged to the Senior Class went to the Doctor's recitation-room, the famous No. 9 of the building, and awaited his arrival. The hour and a half of that morning recitation all of us will remember until the day of our death. As soon as he was heard at the door, our mirth was hushed. He entered the room with a firm and heavy tread, looking straight before him, opened the text-book and commenced the recitation. He first reviewed the lesson of the previous day and then commenced the advance. Upon the review he was very rigid in his requirements; towards mistakes in the advance he was far more lenient. In a few moments every one felt the spell of the Doctor's influence. We seemed to leave the outside world, and float off with him on a strong, irresistible current. The thoughts of the day departed wholly from the mind; we lived in other ages, with our intellectual ancestors; again we were wandering with Aeneas, retreating with the ten thousand, burning with Achilles in his wrath. We were called up with great rapidity, and trained to tell promptly and concisely what we knew. Woe to the boy who professed to understand what he did not, no matter how smoothly he could repeat it; the fraud was instantly detected, and exposed without mercy. As I look back to these exercises in the light of subsequent attainments, they do not seem to me like recitations in Greek or Latin, but lectures upon the science and formation of language. The ease with which Dr. Taylor handled an intricate passage was astonishing. In a few words he pointed out the subject and predicate, detached the connecting clauses, and took the sentence to pieces in a manner which would interest the dullest. The minutest touches of the Greek author, the position of the particles, the various meanings of the article, the delicate methods unknown to any

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modern tongue, by which thought could be implied yet not expressed, aroused his enthusiastic attention. I heard him once say that on the whole 'his saddest task was to deal with men who attended to generalities and neglected details.' The tenses of the Greek verb quivered with life and meaning in his hands, and he detected the subtile Greek idioms which enrich our modern poets. On one occasion he explained at great length the peculiar power of the Greek Imperfect tense to paint or describe a continued action, and suddenly he darted his exact meaning into our minds by quoting the line from Milton:

> "He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
> *Was moving* toward the shore."

Dr. Taylor was not a poet. But when he illustrated to us the great poets of antiquity, he merged his being into theirs, and became a poet for the time. He made us all hear the murmur of the "deep resounding sea" "and the clang of the silver bow"; when he scanned the words "Arma virumque cano" they sounded like the roar of the ocean, nor did he let the clear lunar beauty of the Anabasis escape our boyish attention. I heard him once draw almost a volume of poetry from each word of Virgil's terrific line:

> "Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum;"

and at another time I heard him repeat in a transport of delight,

> Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο·

— when suddenly his face changed, a new thought darted across his mind, he repeated Milton's line:

> "Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
> Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl;"

"Gentlemen" said he "there is more poetry in those two lines than in all the rest of literature." This union of grammatical minuteness and poetic beauty in the teacher, the severe tension of our own minds, the rapid change of our thoughts, — at one moment receiving an idea from our instructor, the next instant imparting to him our own, —

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gave to his recitation-room an indescribable excitement. After graduation some of his pupils enjoyed the instructions of world-renowned men, who probably surpassed Dr. Taylor in extent of attainment. I have observed, however, that they often retained little of those instructions, beyond the vague remembrance of meeting an eminent man at the lecture-room, while they could take up Virgil or Homer and recall many of Dr. Taylor's comments, as though uttered yesterday.

Nor was he one who could be described upon the whole as a man of eloquence. Yet sometimes he spoke to us so earnestly that he seemed to become the mere means through which the truth or the need of the hour impressed itself upon us; and never have I felt more stirred by the address of any one. His remarks upon our school compositions were admirable, and showed much knowledge of the author's art. On Wednesday afternoons we were required to declaim before the school; his comments upon our efforts were models of criticism and showed a great knowledge, not only of our characters, but of the principles of rhetoric. I remember once that a pupil recited an extract from Webster, and charmed the young audience by a declamation which was really false and theatrical. The Doctor said to him kindly: "Granting your conception of the piece, you have spoken admirably; but I think you have misunderstood the author's meaning. Consider first, what the author honestly meant, secondly, how you can express it." I have sometimes thought that Dr. Taylor's power was due to a certain balance of his faculties, rather than to the pre-eminence of any one talent. Upon the basis of common sense and Saxon energy of character, there rested several powers, which were always strong and available, though no one of them was of the *very highest* order. Without being a man of vast erudition, he was an able scholar; though not a poet, he was often poetic; he was not an orator, but was occasionally eloquent.

What, then, is our estimate of Dr. Taylor after a fifteen years interval, when the prejudices and irritations of boyhood

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have passed away? Time develops his memory well; he towers up grandly in the distance; the impression which he made upon our youth was no illusion, for his stature seems as large to the man as it did to the boy; but he is now better understood, and grows more genial with age, as some buildings wear a softer outline when seen in the distant perspective. The thoughtless and idle disliked him, undoubtedly; yet I have noticed that when they became responsible for boys they often hastened to place them under his care. Like the loadstone, with an affinity for steel and iron, his character recognized intuitively all that was good in other men. I never saw in any mind such a sympathy with the right intentions of others, whether this intention was struggling against obtuseness, early disadvantages, or the pressure of poverty. Naturally a ruler, he had a strong moral sense of the necessity of training the young to obedient habits. In his eye, subordination was the first virtue of the pupil; he was the stern foe of the proud and unyielding, and sometimes probably denied them real justice. To the contrite, however, his heart warmed, and to save the penitent he did at times risk the authority of the school. I thought that a few took advantage of this kindness, and persuaded him to retain them in their places when his real judgment was to dismiss them at once. With a strong natural sense of the worth and mission of the scholar, he longed to raise all his pupils into this exalted class of men; yet his sense of duty controlled his passion, and he aimed at the development of manhood, rather than the accumulation of learning in the pupil's mind. Most of the complaints against him have originated from the unworthy. In the main, the public has decided in his favor; and it is unjust to weigh a few instances of conduct which seemed to be arbitrary, against thirty years of constant and increasing success. To expect perfection is always unwise; some teachers may have avoided his faults, but few have surpassed his merits; and we may be obliged to wait long before another such instructor is raised up for the youth of our land."

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Since the preceding was in type another of Dr. Taylor's pupils, a Professor in a New England College, has written: "The strictness of Dr. Taylor's discipline to a well-disposed student was no more disagreeable than a bracing northwest wind to sound lungs and a good constitution. We knew that we *must* study under him, and we were glad to be *made* to form good habits of study. Many, like myself, had such experience of his kindness in poverty or sickness that we came to understand what a warm heart there always was beneath his usual and natural reserve of manner. We had our eyes opened to comprehend what and how much was meant by 'classical scholarship'; at least the dullest of us saw 'men as trees walking.' We were taught *how* to study. We were compelled to some degree of accuracy and thoroughness in our lessons. He gave us some insight into the meaning and spirit of the works we studied. His renderings of words, phrases, passages of Virgil, and Sallust, could not be forgotten. Following, as they so often did, his exposition of the syntax of a sentence, or of some allusion, or his revelation of the radical meaning of a word, they were as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies. And it does seem to me that they were *models* in the way of translation. They had not only the merit of fidelity to the exact meaning of the original; they were given in English that was idiomatic, concise, elegant. Had he chosen *to edit* Virgil, I believe he would have resembled Conington in some of his brightest excellences as an annotator and translator.

That he was a most patient workman upon all the material put under his hands, however unpromising, all his pupils can and must realise, in looking back; and appreciate the fact that his power or genius to fashion and to train equalled his rare scholarship and his ability to instruct."

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